The Stories of Detectives-Men who wer

He had no passengers, and, as he made no re-

sistance, there was nothing to corroborate his

story. For a few days a close watch was kept on him, and he was then arrested on general

principles, the belief being that he had secreted the money and made up the story of robbery.

Most of the people who know Casey believe him innocent of the charge, but the prosecu-

tion has an ingenious array of circumstances

which it hopes to make tell against him.

Among the witnesses summoned by one side

or the other are old stage drivers, detectives,

and telegraph operators, who have had long

DOCTORED BY A CELESTIAL.

A FRIGHTFUL DOSE THAT DID A MELL. CAN MAN A WORLD OF GOOD.

A Prescription for Malaria that Made a Busilens Big as Your Hat. The Liver At-tacked Orientally - A Bare Chinese Cignr. I slowly climbed a high, old-fashioned windles sinirease the other day in a queer old-fashioned house in Clinton place, and

rapped once on the open door at the top of the landing. The door opened in upon a gaudily beavy with the odor of burning opium. A curacross the middle of the room, dividing it into two compartments. The upper half of the epen door was of glass. A red silk curtain was drawn across the panes on the inside. Upon the glass were some Chinese characters in bloodred paint, and under them this inscription in English in more red paint:

Dr. Ying Tai Hing, resident Chinese physician, from 20 A. M. to 4 P. M.

I knocked a second time, and the red silk curtain was drawn aside quickly, and the owner of the title, Dr. Ying Tsi Hing, stepped out into the middle of the floor and bowed. Then be jaubered a few words in Chinese.

Pero Was a nice predicament. I had had ma-Inria for three months. It seemed to me I had eaten in that time at least a pound of quinine and drunk somewhere in the neighborhood of two gallons of a pleasing mixture of dandellon. rhubarb, and nitric acid. It was an orthodox allopathic prescription designed to root the malaria out of my system. It hadn't done anything of the kind. A friend who had been watching my illness suggested that I had bettar go and see the Chinee Doctor. He said that the Chines certainly couldn't compound anything worse than the stuff I had been taking, and there was a chance that he might think of some celestial drug that might be efficacious and not ruin my dinner every time I took it. Here I was face to face with the Chines Doctor, whose advertisements were printed in English, but who sadly complicated things by talking the Chines. I told him that I hadn't learned Chines yet. His mouth widened into a

griu, and he motioned me to a wooden-bot-

"Chin Foo comee light wale." he said. Chin Foo was the interpreter. He came back in ten minutes as happy and dapper a looking Chinaman as ever trotted through Mott street. Until he came I amused myself critically ogling this physician from the Flowery Kingdom. He was decidedly picturesque. His tall figure was enveloped in a long, loose robe of yellow figured Chinese silk, like the magician's garb in juvenile fairy tales. All but the extreme too of his head was shaven smooth as a billiard ball. From the crown depended a queue of raven hair, almost as long as the man was tail and braided like a German maiden's locks. From his upper lip drooped a black moustache. The ends were of extraordinary length. But surprising as the moustache locked it was it haif as strange as his left hand. He had let the nais grow until they were fully an inch in length. They were polished till they glistened. The nails of his other hand were pared close to the finger tips. He leisurely puffed a eigarette of very strong black tobacco as he sat opposite me against the background of brilliant curtains.

Chin Foo throw a Derby hat on a desk in a corner when he trotted in. He was dressed in regulation Gotham clothes, a cutaway of broadcioth, a light waistcost, black trousers, and polished califshis boots. There wasn't any trouble understanding him. He could talk English as fast as a horse could trot. I knew him. I had often seen him at Tom Lee's grocery store in Mott street when Lee was acquity sheriff.

"See here, Foo," I said. "I've got malaria. Twe had it a long time—a good deal longer than treme top of his head was shaven smooth as a

deputy sheriff.

"See here, Foo." I said. "I've got malaria.
I've had it a long time—a good deal longer than
I want it. I'm told your doctor makes a spedaity of knocking out malaria in a single
round."

"That's right, rejoined Foo, with a grin;
"let the doctor feel your puise." "That's right, rejoined Foo, with a grin;
let the doctor feel your pulse."
Foo jabbered to his fantastic principal in Chinase, and I held out my hand to him. The long-nalled Celestial took one of my wrists in either hand, pressed his fingers against the pulse, and studied the floor with bowed head in silence so long that I long-nal quizzleally up at Chin Foo and requested an explanation.

"Whet-site matter with your doctor, Foo?"
I said. "Does the case stagger him? And what in thunder does he want to feel both my pulses for?"

what in thunder does he want to feel both my guises for?"
"Oh, that's the regular professional method in China," the dapper little interpreter returned, smiling at my mystification. "He's exthedox as orthodoxy in China can make him. It's a peculiarity of physicians in the Flowery Kingdom to study the beat of both pulses. They have an idea that they can tell what's the matter quicker and better than when they operate en only one. Another and a bigger innovation on Caucasian ideas is that the Chinese doctor always tolis his patient what's the matter with him without asking a long string of questions about his symptoms. The patient in China would think a doctor didn't know anything if he asked a man what alied him. He studies the sickness out for himself and then prescribes." Staguster substant in the stagus of the shortly they

tons about his symptoms. The patient in China would think a doctor didn't know anything if he asked a man what alled him. He studies the sickness out for himself and then prescribes."

"Singular, rather." I retorted shortly. Have the Chinese doctors any other peculiarities?"

"Well, I should say so," replied Foo, with amusing animation. "There's the Chinese doctor's certificate that he knows how to deal with the sick. That's a thing that would look very peculiar to a Gothamite. Dr. Ying Tsi Hing has one locked up in his trunk now. It's a foot and a half long and three-quarters of a foot wide, and it's got seven big seals stuck on it in the corners and on the sides. It's a gaudy-looking parchment done up in red ink, with the signatures of a number of learned men of Canton, in the Flowery Kingdom, attached to it. It took him ten years of study to gain the certificate. They haven't any regular medical colleges in Canton, you see. Students have to go into the medicine men's shops there, apprentice themselves. After a decade of such practice they will be able to convince the learned men that they understand what's the matter with sick men, and then they can get their big certificates with the seven seals and start in for themselves. They can get their big certificates with the seven seals and start in for themselves. They can win patronage easily, for the sick public will know that they have practised ten years will a regular practical Chinese physicians after that will be that they don't have to work away with saws or knives or any other instruments of survicial torture. They don't have in having their arms and lear cut off. They would die first. And they do die if the medicine proscribed doesn't have a reviving effect in having their arms and lear cut off. They would die first. And they do die if the medicine proscribed doesn't have a reviving effect in having their arms and lear cut off. They would die first. And they do die if the medicine proscribed to will we have a reviving effect in his pering wives and fami

suilt other columns under the first one until, after he had been at work something less than five minutes, the Chinese characters were piled up on top of each other in huge rows like the Ravarro flats.

"That's all." cried Foo, as, with a sigh of relief, I saw the medicine man from Canton drop his pencil and shove over the yellow prescription. "You can get this put up down in Mott street, and nowhere else. The doctor's fee is \$2, please."

I handed over the greenback, and Chin Foo reached down into a cirar box and fished up the most disreputable looking cigar, so far as its external appearance was concerned, that I swer stowed away in my clothes.

"Take that when you feel like it." he genereusly said. "It won't hurt you. When you get that medicine you must fix it up into a tea and take half a cupful at a dose three times a day. Half a teacup is rather a small dose, too, for you must remember that the Chinese take their medicine by the wholesale when they take any at all. Their methods are all allopathic to a herole extent, so far as the consumption of remedies is concerned."

An hour later I found the Chinese pharmacy of Hong Wah. Hee King & Co., the solitary Chinese drug store of Gotham. It was on the ground floor of a three-story building on the south side of Mott street, that looked wery much like a little German grocery decked with so placards. Against the entrance leaned a moon-eyed Mongolian, resting upon the side-walk a fat rood of bamboo that looked like a big walking stick. Every minute or two he thrust what appeared to be an elongated bit of ignited punk into a hole bored into the side of the amboo, and then lifted the bamboo to his lips and drew the smeke through the and. The moon-eyed Mongolian was the drug clerk of the solitary Chinese drug store, and the singular-looking thing he sufficed amoke out of was a giant bloe. A long pigtail dangled becauth his black silk skull cap, and when I thrust Dr. Ying Tsi Hing's stunning prescription under his nece, he grabbed it and trotted lauching behind the co

and then started to make it up. He drew a handful of what resembled cinamon sticks from one drawer and laid them in a big metal scoop. This scoop was fastened on one end of a wooden rod that the clerk held poised in the air by a string. He hung a number of dangling weights on the other end of this astonishing pharmaceutical scale until after a tedious dejay he finally struck a manner. Then the dropped the whole thing on the couldier and grabbed something else from another drawer. This he weighed in the same thresome fashion. There were fifteen or sixteen different and grabbed something else from another drawer. These were fifteen or sixteen different and wood of the could be supper in a package bigger than my head and an assistant, who sat in a far off corner walked over to him, distened to him jabber something in Chinese, and said in very fair English:

"I gave him the money, tucked the heroic dose under my arm, and rode home.

When I got thero I dumped the whole pile of modicine, sticks and powders and roots, into a kettle of hot warer, and boiled them for an hour until they became a ten as Foo had directed. It was a most villainous and uninviting decoction when I lifted the lid at the expiration of the hour and poured out half a cupful. Long wreatling with the multitudinous achoes and pains and liss of life had made me familiar with a varied and terrible series of unsavery medicinal drinks, but never in my life had introduced into my poor stomach and send pains and herbs. By a mighty effort I force the dose down my throat, and kept? For the dose down my throat, and kept? For the dose down my throat, and kept? For the the morning my live felt as if John L. Sullivan had been using it all nightlong as a sand bag. My spirits wore dismal ne a November fog, and I felt as if to offer me food were to heap insult upon my misery.

It was while I was in this choice frame of mind that I encountered Blake. Of Blake no

offer me food were to heap insuit upon my misery.

It was while I was in this choice frame of mind that I encountered Blake. Of Blake no description is necessary to the reader except the information that he is one of those pleasant sort of friends who can never meet a man without forcing him to disgorge costly eigars with a bland and imperturbable smile that is galling to the soul. A desperate resolution seized me as I saw him approach.

"Ah old fellow," he exclaimed, effusively, "you're not looking well to-day. By the way, you don't happen to have a cigar about you, do you?"

"you're not looking well to-day. By the way, you don't happen to have a cigar about you, do you?"

"Certainly!" I said, and diving down into my waisteoat pocket I pulled out the unsightly cheroot that the Chinese doctor's interpreter had given me. I saw that Bisk's gazed at it ruefully, but I knew that he would not dare to criticise the gift, for fear of endangering future supplies, and I smiled with ill-concealed exuitation as I struck a light for him and waited for him to taste something that would be a litting parallel to that Chinese medicinal tea. He took a few whifts of the uncomely weed with an air of critical caution, and then tackled it with the enthusiasm of a man who has struck an unexpected treat.

"By George, old follow," he cried in genuine pleasure, "that cigar was deceptive in looks. It's one of the finest bits of tobacco I have ever puffed." And he continued to blow wreaths of smoke of unmistakable fragrance about his head until the Chinese cigar was gone.

The wholly unlooked-for quality of that gift was only equalized by the rise in my own spirits that followed the tremendous shaking up of my liver. The tea had produced a healthy stimulation of the torpid organ that made me feel happy and regenerated for a whole week. And each time thereafter that I made myself temporarily seasick by swallowing the awful stuff the reaction was similarly grateful and invigorating.

"I went back to Dr. Ying Tsi Hing, and be-

invigorating.

"I went back to Dr. Ying Tai Hing, and besought Ching Foo for a supply of his disreputable-looking weeds; but the sly Celestial wagged his head with a laugh, and said that they belonged to a private stock of his own importation and weren't for sale.

THE COMING YACHT.

it Should be Built Not Like a U or a V, but Like an X-A Plan to Make Yachs:men's Hair Stand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir : It appears to an amateur naval architect, after a flower with the model cutter Galatea, that limited number of yachtsmen that we are sailready to admit now that the ships of fifty or sixty years ago were sailed wrong end foremost, although few could credit that assertion then. Perhaps we do not know so much about sloops as we think we do. It seems to me that there must be something very fine about the model of the Galatea, something well worth looking at. Here is a hull that is nearly fifty per cent. larger than the Mayflower—that is, it displaces nearly 50 per cent, more water, and vas, yet she holds the sloop a mighty good race when well handled. What is in the shape of that big hull that it should travel so swiftly smaller an area of canvas than her rival carries?
The American Yacht Club calls itself a club

devoted exclusively to steam yachts, but some of the naval architects in the club say they can tell all about the advantages of the cutter modwhether in a sea way or in still water. Th theory is that it takes more power to part the water at its surface than below the surface. In other words, that a fish has to use more force when swimming with its back out of water than when wholly below the surface, or a tug would have to use more steam to tow a sharpened splie that floated on the surface than when it floated a foot below the surface. They point to the extended experiments of Capt. Charles G. Lundborg, the Swedish naval architect, and those of Coi. Beaufoy to prove their theory. These architects both spent fortunes in towing medels of various shapes both on and under the water, and the experiments pointed conclusively to the theory that a submerged body can be propelled more easily than one that floats on the surface, in spite of the greater surface or skin friction of the submerged body. The cutter model, say the experts of the American Giub, gets a greater percentage of its hull below the water line than the sloop does, and it is in that repect much botter than the sloop. Being of narrow beam, it does not have to plough so wide a lurrow through the surface of the water, where the greatest resistance is found. Here is another advantage. Were there no drawbacks to the narrow model there would be only one opinion as to the advantages of the extreme cutter model as a racer. The chief difficulty with the narrow model is its lack of stability. It heels over under the influence of the wind so much that the hull does not receive as great an impetus as it would from sails that stood up vertically. Then, too, as the narrow hull has not stability enough to stand up if left to itself, it must be weighted to an enormous extent at the bottom until it will stand up and down like the long poles with lead on one end which naval surveyors call ships. To carry the big carge of ballast requires an increased size of hull, and so comes the large displacement of a 100-foot cutter as compared with that of a 100-foot sloop. Whon asked what they are going to do about it, how they will give the conlessed advantages of the two hulls by turning the shallow sloop on the top of her. The sloop, they say, has a cross section like this letter U. The cutter has a cross section like this letter U. The cutter has a cross section like this letter V. The model which would have the narrow cut f when it floated a foot below the surface. They point to the extended experiments of Capt.

Picking Up Money in Broadway. A driver on a Broadway car auddenly reined

ip his horses yesterday afternoon, darted from the plat form to the ground, susicised up something, and was back at his post again before one could count five. "That makes twenty-five cents I have found to-day," se said. "I found a dime before I had driven a block he said. "I found a dime before I had driven a block from the stables, and on the next trip I found another dime, and this last was a nickel. These cars just dribble money all up and down the atreet; you wouldn't believe how much is lost in that way. It comes mostly from people crowding on the pisiform and squeezing into their pockets for their fars. It is a poor week with me when I do not pick up two dollars in this way; that is about my average. I keep a sharp lookout all the time, and I have got a good pair of eyes. Some drivers never find a cant; wouldn't if it was right under their moses, wet, muddy days are the best. The coin gets washed off by the rain and shines out of the dark mud so you can't miss it." The Rare Edible Qualities of Some Wild

Birds' Fggs, According to an Epic KNOB MOUNTAIN, Pa., Sept. 24 .- "If you are fond of hene' eggs," said a New York sportsman, who has travelled a good deal, and professes to know everything, "never eat a partridge's egg, even if you have a chance, for a common egg will have lost its flavor for you from that time on. I have eaten the eggs of all kinds of wild birds, and found many of them good, but the partridge's egg is simply delicious. When I say partridge I mean pheasant, which is only another name for the ruffled grouse. A half dozen ruffled grouse eggs. broiled until the white and relk are thoroughly cooked-but not transformed into the blug-tinted, bullet-proof condition of the railroad restaurant hard-boiled egg-make a breakfast that would tickle the pampered palate of an Oriental prince as it had never been ticked before. The profaning touch of a knife or fork must not be on a breakfast of pheasants' eggs. Post the shell carefully off the ment. The bare ogg glistens in your fingers, a velvety ellipse, white as ivory. You can't make two bites of a cherry, but you can make just two bites of one of these eggs. The ment, both white and yellow, melts in the

mouth like some rich creamy paste, and the

"It has been a good many years since I ate "It has been a good many years since I ate any partridges' eggs, for they are decidedly scarce nowadays, but since my first tasts of them common eggs have no temptation for me. As it is not very likely that you will ever have an opportunity to rob a partridge's nest, I run no risk in whetting your appetite by this relation. I would remark right here also that, in case you should ever run on to a nest the law places a value of ten dollars on each egg in the nest, and as it will contain twelve your little breakfast for two might be a costly one.

The prairie chicken's egg is next to a partridge's in delicacy and flavor, that bird being one of the numerous grouse family. I know a famous epicure in Chicago, whose parents were among the early settlers west of that city. He says that prairie chicken eggs were one of the chief articles of their diet for many years, and that he has never been able to eat hens' eggs since. Every spring he manages, in some way, to have prairie hunters obtain for him three or four dozon of this delicacy of his boyhood, and he has paid as high as \$50 a dozon for them. That's what he tells me, and as he is not in Chicago politics I have no reason to doubt him.

"The common guinea her's egg is prized by the epicure more than the he's egg is prized by the epicure more than the hoe's egg, and it has a gamy flavor that just suits the educated paste. I have eaten these speckled, tor-shaped eggs, and agree with the epicures. Then there is the pen-fow's egg. It is not as handsome as its father, but there is no other domesticated fow that lays an egg to compare with it in flavor. I don't include the guinea hen in this statement, for that fow is only half domesticated, as you might well believe if you should ever see one of the plucky, screeching, hump-backed little birds attack a hawk in a poultry yard, and not only chase it away, but fly after it in the air, following it for half a mile, sometimes, and fighting it for half a mile, sometimes, and fighting it for half a mile, sometimes, and fighting

until the feathers of the maraquer are scattered to the ground in tuits.

"The eggs of the wild turkey are also superior to the eggs of domestic fowls, being as tender as a hen's egg and of a deliciously game flavor. The wild duck's egg—at least those of the species I have eaten—are tough and rank, but I have heard that the wood duck's egg is excellent.

the species I have eaten—are tough and rank, but I have heard that the wood duck's egg is excellent.

"Wild pigeons' eggs become milky when they are cooked and smell like rancid oil. Quails' eggs are delicious little morsels, but they won't melt in your mouth. The wild goose's egg, boiled, would make a good base ball, but, on the contrary, the wild swan's egg is not bad eating—not as fair flavored as a wild turkey's, nor as rich as a partridge's, but it will serve. The eggs of water hens and all Southern amphibious birds that I ever ate are rank; why they should be I don't know, for the food of the bird is cleanly and of the best.

"Fortunately, we have no professional hunters of wild birds' nests in this country, as they have in England; but if we had a national epicurean taste for the eggs of any particular bird, as they have there, the nest hunter would, of course, be an accompanying evil. Plovers' eggs are a great delicacy in England, and during display of these eggs is made in the poulterers' shops. The eggs are shown in baskets made in imitation of a moss-lined bird's nest, and holding a dozon eggs. Frequently there will be two or three partridge eggs among those of the plover in the basket. These delicate eggs command as high as four English shillings—about a dollar of our monoy—per dozen. They are collected by a sliftless elass of men, who prefer to tramp all day lover furrows and rough ground, on the chance of robbing the poor plover of two or three dozen eggs, rather than do an honest day's work. The nest hunting requires a certain degree of skill and cunning, however, and probably therein lies the fascination, for the business is at the best not very remunerative, a good hunter doing well if he secures three dozen eggs in a day, for which he will receive about 30 cents a dozen if the eggs are all sound, which they will rarely be. Thore does not seem to be any law against robbing the nests, but the hunter is in constant danger of arrest for trespassing. To such an extent is the collecting of plovers'

THE ENGLISH STYLE OF DRESS. ton of her British Staters' Costumes.

If only the younger Englishmen were guilty of loose knickerbockers, coarse stockings, and hob-nalled shoes, it might be considered as a youthful folly, but middle-aged, white-haired, bald-headed Britons, men of years and eminonce, grandfathers and celebrities at home, go about Norway in clothes that a servant would despise. The Germans and the other people who come in, and the Norwegians themselves, go about dressed as gentlemen in proper clothes, and likewise the Americans, with a very few glaring exceptions of those led astray by bad English company, and who wear the beggar's costume solely because "it's English, you know." I overheard one unterrified American girl calmly ask a picked-up acquaintance on a ford steamer:

"Why do you Englishmen wear such scarecrow clothes when you travel here? You are none of you very pretty in them."

"Ab, those you mean?" growled the youth spreading out the hands that he always carried in his pockets. "Why, these are my shooting togs."

"Well, don't you wear them to America, or From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

togs."
Well, don't you wear them to America, or they'd shoot you on sight," said the flippant

"Well, don't you wear them to America, or they'd shoot you on sight," said the flippant miles.

"Ah, really! don't the fellows wear them there?" he asked blandly, as if the pert American had not said anything at all out of the way. As this girl evidently had views and was noticing things as she went along, we planned to get her opinion on the costumes of English women, and she poured out a stream of opinions and illustrative anecdotes:

"Oh, yes, they wear their old clothes here, too, My grandmother may remember when the cut of them was in style. They all leave their bustles at home, but they bring their silver jeweiry, I can tell them a mile off. And their feet! Did you ever see anything like them? And the way their dress skirts hang! Any one of these English women could draw a crowd on Broadway. They're always talking, too, shou thow strictly their young gells' are raised, and what models they are for us American girls. Well, there was one at the last station with a foot bigger than my father's, and she wore heavier boots than his, and without any overskirt, and it was fourteen inches short of covering those feet. No bustle, of course, but a big silver breastpin, like a policeman's star. Then she pulled and slicked her hair straight back into a classic knot about the size of a hickory nut at the back of her head. Oh, she was a nice one, I assure you. Well, what and 5 o'clock in the mornings and go climbing to the top of mountains and glaciers all alone, with a guide who couldn't speak a word of English. Now, I don't call that particularly proper."

A Costly Lamp for a Catholic Church. Mme. Consineri, a wealthy widow of this etr, who is travelling in Europe, has presented a cost-y lamp to the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, 127 West (wenty-third street. Mmc. Consiner) is an American

The White Hat Season's Annex.

"What becomes of all the old-white hats?" repeated a hat dealer yesterday. "Why we have lots of em left here in place of new fall hats. We stow the

Handsome Silver Certificates. The new ten-dollar silver certificates have of the head and shoulders of the late Vice-Fresident Headricks—a change from the nictures of Republican statesmen—is on the face, with "Hiver" in half-inch letters on one side and "Dollars" on the other. The notes are amount the bandsomest insued.

A BAGGER OF HAWES AND OWLS. STAGE COACH ROBBERS. Ziba Natiall, the Hunter, Discourses of these Wicked and Ominous Birds.

DRIVERS HAULED UP FOR PLUNDER-ING THEIR OWN COACHES. HOLLISTERVILLE, Pa., Sept. 24.-Any one who has ever tramped much through the woods knows how very seldom it is that he sees an Wrongly Accused—A Telegraph Opera-tor's Flight—Spec Bolder's Last Ride. owl, and how rare the chances are for him to get a shot at a hawk, although they are fre-CHADRON, Neb., Sept. 22.—The trial of Tom quently enough seen: vet Wayne county has a hunter old Ziba Nuttall, who for years has hunted nothing else but hawks and owls, and Casey, the driver on the Sidney and Deadwood stage line, for the alleged robbery of his own coach, has brought a great many people to town. There are more than sixty witnesses, he cialms that he never goes out without bag-ging three or four owls of different species, and many of them experts, but there is no direct as many hawks. This is probably a large osevidence on either side except that which timate, but the old hunter certainly never Casey himself gives. He claims that he was overhauled on the road by masked comes in from a hunt without at least one owl or a hawk. Ziba is an observant man and an intelligent one, and probably knows as much men, who took away his treasure box, which contained \$6,100 of Government lunds.

no sport is more exciting. There has been for several years a singular craze abroad for the collecting of these birds, and the consequence has been that wise hunters have taken up the business of supplying these collectors with them. There are two reasons why the ordi-nary every-day hunter never sees an owl. One is that some owls cannot see in daylight, and therefore select hiding places which render experience on the plains, and they are expected to throw considerable light on the subject. At the hotel this ovening soveral of these strangers got together and indulged in a few reminiscences. They had all known of cases in which similar suspicions existed, gonerally, as they believed, without real cause.

"It is the hardest thing in the world," said a detective from California, "to provo a man guilty of robbing himself, provided he didn't do it. You can sometimes insten other crimes on a man, whether he is guilty or not, but in the case of a robbery of this character it is different. I had a job once on the coast that nearly broke me up in business, and all because I was so dead sure of my man. The Shasta stage was robbed on the hotel and the surface of the surface of my man. The Shasta stage was robbed on the hotel and head been alone on one other occasion when he was robbed. According to his story he was halted on the highway by a coupe of shots which passed through the stage, and immediately thereafter was pounced upon by three masked mon, one of whom clubbed him with the but of a rifle. When they had secured their plunder they made him mount and drive away, holding their rifles on him until he was out of eight. To corroborate his story he could show the holes in the coach where the building himself. But in spite of these facts I made up my mind that there was justed when he had which he would have had some trouble in inflicting himself. But in spite of these facts I made up my mind that there was little use of looking beyond him for the robber. There was something in his demeanor which caused me to suspect him, and I rendily accounted for the holes in the coach on the theory that he probably stood off at a distance and fired through it have been the very thing which put the idea of the robbery into his head.

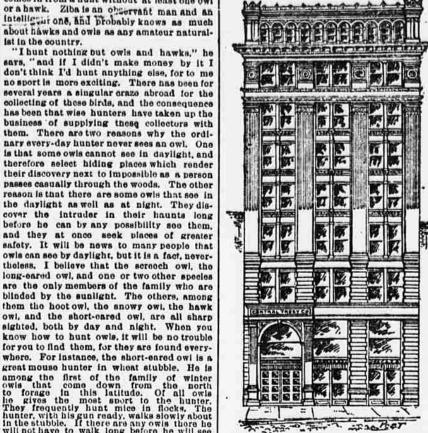
"Old Sam was taid off, and I kept truck of him, and I rendily accounted for the holes in the coach on the bruies as his believe the world in some provide the provide in the look in the coach of the their discovery next to impossible as a person passes casually through the woods. The other the daylight as well as at night. They discover the intruder in their haunts long before he can by any possibility see them. and they at once seek places of greater safety. It will be news to many people that owls can see by daylight, but it is a fact, nevertheless. I believe that the screech owl, the long-eared owl, and one or two other species blinded by the sunlight. The others, among owl, and the short-cared owl, are all sharp know how to hunt owle, it will be no trouble for you to find them, for they are found everywhere. For instance, the short-enred owl is

The first probability in probability of the control of the control

A PALACE OF FINANCE.

The Central Trust Company's 8300,00 Building in Wall Street.

The new building, now approaching completion, for the Central Trust Company at 54 Wall street, promises to be one of the handsomest and most imposing edifices in or near the financial centre and worthy of its designer, Mr. C. W. Clinton, architect of the Mutual Life Insurance Company's building. The front presents eight stories and a basement-if it is correct to call the story on the level of the sidewalk a basement-in pure Italian renaissance a style that is preserved in admirable consistence and harmony throughout.



TWO-HANDED LUM BIDEN.

A NATURAL-BORN FIGHTER FROM CRAZY WOMAN'S FORK.

Ridiculous Failure of Attempts to Down him by Means of Melays and Squade-Extra Mits for Supporters of the Other Side. FORT FETTERMAN, Wyoming, Sept. 22 .- A. big. loose-jointed fellow from Crazy Woman's Fork, known as Lum Biden, has been making lots of trouble for the boys in these parts who have imagined that they were pretty well up in puglistic science. Biden was brought up on the plains, and has never been east of Chey-enne in his life. He has worked in the mines and on the cattle ranches, but just now he is loing nothing in particular, having developed into something of a sport, and being regarded as a privileged character. Biden's father was a hard man in his day, but he was not the

equal of his son.
When the man from Crazy Woman's Fork first appeared here last winter he was already known by reputation. It had been understood that he was very handy in the ring, and one or two men who had seen him in motion reported that he was probably the hardest hitter in America. Nothing daunted, some of the boys here tried him on, and all got the worst of it. At length Pete Smith, a giant, who was at work on the railroad east of this point, was brought on, and for a round or two he seemed to be giving Biden all he wanted to take care of, but the latter warmed up after a little and, with a peculiar swinging blow, hit Pete a stinger on the ear which dislocated the jaw. That ended the fight, but Pete was too proud to go to a doctor, and the result is that he is permanently deformed. His face is out of shape, and will now remain so until the end. Several citizens hereabouts who have made bold to affirm that there was some connection between Pete's twisted law and his bout with Biden have been polished off in great shape. America. Nothing daunted, some of the boys

was some connection between Pete's twisted jaw and his bout with Biden have been polished off in great shape.

After the disastrous consequences of the fight between Biden and the big railroader it was impossible to find any one man who was willing to tackle the giant. Various schemes for gotting up a fight were suggested, but none was accepted until a few weeks ago, when, oa challenge from Biden, three men agreed to fight him the same afternoon, he to take them one after the other, and to have no money unless he knocked them all out. The three who went into this enterprise were Bill McEwan, Tige Curtis, and Joe Flynn. Bill had had one fight with Biden, and the others had nigured in the ring on a few occasions. All bands trained vigorously, and the betting was lively. It had been agreed botween the three that they would endeavor to tire Biden out. Flynn was to tackle him first and wind him, if possible, escaping with as little pusishment as he could. Then Curtis was to receat the dose. After him McEwan, who used to be regarded as a slugger, was to come in fresh and mand the daylings out of the big fellow. The